

THE HEART OF A WOMAN

—BY—
BARONESS ORCZY

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CHAPTER XIII. They Have No Heart.

As to what occurred in the heart of the fog on that night in November four years ago, most of you, no doubt, will remember. Those who do not I must refer to the morning papers of the following day. A perfect harvest for journalists. Gossip and detail sufficient to fill column upon column of newspaper-gossip that grew as the hours sped on, and the second day of fog pursued its monotonous course.

A man had been found murdered in a taxicab, his throat stabbed through from ear to ear, the jugular pierced, life absolutely extinct; the murderer vanished.

Such things are, you know. No amount of so-called realistic literature, no amount of sneers at what is dubbed melodrama, will prevent this fact occurring and recurring very frequently in the streets of a mighty city.

Just a man murdered and the murderer disappeared. A very real thing that, and London has had to face such facts often enough, more often than has any audience of Drury Lane or the Adelphi. The superior-minded critic, who spells British drama with a capital B and D, and pronounces it British Drama, set in the stalls of a London theater on this very same foggy evening in November, four years ago. The play was one that did not appeal to the superior-minded critic—it was just a simple tale of jealousy, which led to the breaking of that great neck, maidens: "Thou shalt do no murder."

And the superior-minded critic swayed behind a half-gloved hand and dubbed the play melodramatic, unreal and stagey; quite foreign to the life of today. But just at that hour—between 9 and 10 o'clock—a man was murdered in a taxicab and his murderer vanished in the fog.

London doesn't do such events melodramatically, she knows that they are real—there is nothing stagey or artificial about them, they have even become commonplace.

They occur so often! And most often while society dines, or dances, or the best played with the latest grace the new play by Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Only in this case the event gained additional interest. The murdered man was a personality. Some one whom everybody that was anybody had talked about, gossiped and discussed for the past six months. Some one who few had seen, but many had heard about—Philip de Mountford—the son of the late Arthur de Mountford—Radcliffe's newly found heir, you know.

The news spread as only such news can spread, and when society poured out from theaters, from houses in Grosvenor Square, or from the dining room of the Carlton, every one had heard of the murder. As if the spirit of gossip had been busy whispering in over-willing ears. Philip de Mountford had been murdered.

"He was found in a taxicab; his throat was cut from ear to ear," said one. "Pierced through with a sharp instrument—a stiletto, I presume."

"Poor Lord Radcliffe—such a tragedy!" "He'll never live through it."

"He has looked very feeble lately."

"The scandal round the late Arthur's name broke him up, I think."

"It seems Arthur de Mountford had married a negress."

"Not! Philip did not look like a half-breed. I like him once or twice. He was dark, but nice looking."

"Still, there was some scandal about the marriage!" "Nothing! What scandal will be?"

"What scandal?" "Seek whom the crime benefits, you know."

"Then you think—? You really think Luke de Mountford did it?" "I thought so the moment I heard the story."

"I've always thought that Luke de Mountford a queer sort of fellow."

"And he took his cousin's advent very badly."

"Well, one can't wonder at that! He lost a fortune and he has no private fortune either."

"I heard there were awful rows between the cousins until Lord Radcliffe himself turned Luke and the others out of the house."

"And now Philip de Mountford has been murdered."

"It certainly looks very suspicious."

"A real cause celebre! Won't it be exciting?" "Something to read about in one's morning papers."

"I'll try and get reserved seats for the trial. I hate a crush, don't you?" "Will they hang him, do you think?" "If he is found guilty—English justice is no respecter of persons."

"How awful!"

And little-tattle, senseless talk, inane remarks were waited on the grimy walls of the fog. They penetrated everywhere—in the lobbies of the theaters, the boudoir of Madame and the smoking room of my lord. They penetrated to the magnificent reception rooms of the Danish legation, and Louise heard the remarks even before she knew the full details of the story. Louise had a well trained contralto voice, and had been asked to sing in the course of the evening. Just as she stood in an outer room selecting her music, she heard a group of the men and women—talking over the mysterious murder in the taxicab.

They had at first been unconscious of her presence. She had her back toward them, turning over the leaves of her song. Suddenly there was a hush in the conversation; one of the chatterboxes must have pointed her out to the others.

Whereupon Louise, serene and smiling, a roll of music in her hand, joined the merry group.

"Please," she said, "don't stop. I have heard nothing yet. And, of course, I want to know."

One of the men laughed inanely and the others murmured silly nothings.

"Oh!" said some one. "It may be true. Such lots of wild rumors get about."

"What?" asked Louise, placidly, "mayn't be true? Some one said just before that Philip de Mountford has been murdered."

"Well," murmured one of the ladies, "they say it was Mr. de Mountford, but they can't be sure, can they?"

The group was dissolving almost, it seemed, as if it had vanished into thin air. When Louise first heard them talking

ing there were about a dozen men and women, a brilliant throng of gayly plumed bachelors, the guests of a post-dinner reception tonight, and the men, too, feeling uncomfortable and awkward, made good their escape.

People—the pleasure-loving people of today—have no use for latent tragedy. Excitement, yes, and drama; but only from the secure distance of private seat at an Old Bailey trial. The murder of Philip de Mountford could be discussed with quite an amount of enjoyment between a dinner party and a ball supper, but not in Louise Harris' presence! By God! too much of a good thing you know.

Within a very few minutes Louise found herself almost alone, just the one or two near her to whom she had directly spoken, and—fortunately—Col. Harris, in the doorway, came to look for his daughter.

"The infant with the violin," he said, as soon as he caught sight of Louise, "is just finishing his piece, poor little rat! You promised you would sing next, Lou. What songs have you got?"

"I was just making a selection when you came, father. What would you like me to sing?"

With an unexpressed sigh of relief the last two of the original group of gossipers dwindled away into the reception room beyond, congratulating themselves on having successfully engineered their exit.

"Dooce! awkward, don't you know, Miss Harris asking questions."

"I suppose she doesn't realize—" "She will soon enough."

"She ought to have broken off her engagement long ago."

"Louise, left alone with her father, could allow her nerves to ease their fearful tension. She had no need to hide from him the painful quiver of her lips or the anxious frown across her brow."

"Do you know," she asked, "anything about this awful business, father?" "There's a lot of gossip," he replied, "his voice was not only gruff, but hoarse, which showed that he was strangely moved."

"But," she insisted, "some truth in the gossip?" "They say Philip de Mountford has been murdered."

"Who says so?" "Some people have come on from the theaters and men from the clubs. The streets are full of it—and evening papers have brought out many editions, which are selling like hot cakes."

"And do they say that Luke has killed Philip de Mountford?" "No," with some hesitation, "they don't say that."

"But they hint at it?" "Newspaper little-tattle."

"How much is actual fact?" "I understand," he explained, "that at 9 o'clock, or thereabout, two men in evening dress hailed a passing taxicab just outside the Lyric Theater, in Shaftesbury Avenue, and told the chauffeur to drive to Hyde Park corner, just by the railings of the Green Park. The driver drove up there and one of the two men got out. As he reached the door of the cab he leaned toward the interior and said, cheerfully, 'Long, old man. See you tomorrow.' Then he told the chauffeur to drive on to 1 Cromwell road, opposite the museum, and turning on his heel, disappeared in the fog. When the chauffeur drove up for the second time one alighted from the cab. So he got down from his box and opened the door."

"The other man?" murmured Louise, vaguely. "What about it?"

"That's about it."

"With his throat pierced from ear to ear by a sharp instrument, which might have been a skewer?"

"You have heard it all, then?" "No, no!" she said, hurriedly.

The room was swaying round her—the furniture started hopping and dancing. Louise, who had never fainted in her life, felt as if the floor was giving way under her feet. Memory was unloading one of her storehouses, looking out from his box and finding a man crouched in the further corner of the cab—dead—with his throat pierced from ear to ear by a sharp instrument, which might have been a skewer.

And memory was raking out that cell, clearing it in every corner, trying to find the recollection of a certain morning in Battersea Park a year ago, when Louise, rebelling at her impressions of that weird scene and the tale of this crime which she had almost witnessed. Memory found a distinct impression that she had seen the man, full length and with all the details which she knew. She remembered talking it all over with her father, and she did so, the ground in Battersea Park was crisp with the frost under her feet, and an inquisitive neighbor, looking over the railings, and then flew away, accompanying her and another all the way along as far as the gates.

Two pictures, vivid and distinct—that evening in Brussels and the morning in Battersea Park, her first meeting with the man who had killed her father, which had come to her in the Palace Hotel, and which had made her the hapless woman, the victim of the tale of this crime which she had almost witnessed. Memory found a distinct impression that she had seen the man, full length and with all the details which she knew. She remembered talking it all over with her father, and she did so, the ground in Battersea Park was crisp with the frost under her feet, and an inquisitive neighbor, looking over the railings, and then flew away, accompanying her and another all the way along as far as the gates.

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Bedroom Furniture.

Tomorrow's Most Important Feature.

This February Furniture Sale is creating a record that will seem greater as we look back upon it. Judging by the distribution to date it will be said—"More homes in Washington were supplied with furniture during the Greater Palais Royal February Sale than during six months of ordinary business." It means \$70,000 worth of furniture at \$40,000—and every piece to be distributed this month.

Today is Dining Room Furniture Day—and please note that very few of the golden oak dining room tables at \$9.50 and chairs to match at \$1.69 will remain for tomorrow's selling. Plenty of the Bedroom Furniture.

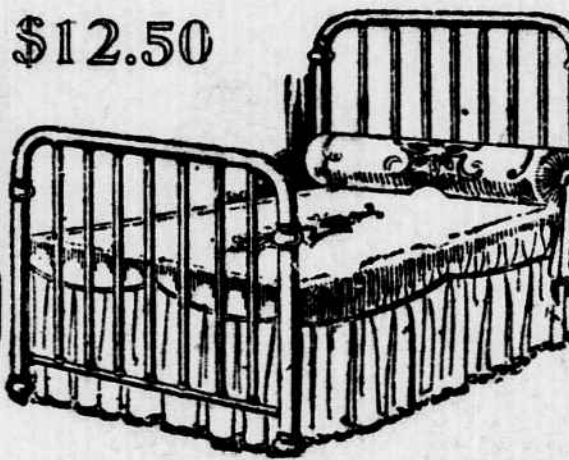
Lifetime Service Guaranteed.

Enameled Iron, All Sizes.

All Brass, all Sizes.

\$3.98

\$12.50



The floor samples of the leading manufacturer of Brass Beds are to be included tomorrow at exactly half the regular prices. Best White Enameled (baked) Iron Beds are also at much less than standard quotations.

Iron Beds.

\$27.00 Beds.....\$18.50
\$10.00 Beds.....\$14.30
\$23.00 Beds.....\$15.00
\$17.00 Beds.....\$13.00
\$15.00 Beds.....\$10.00
\$14.00 Beds.....\$9.00
\$12.00 Beds.....\$7.75
\$8.00 Beds.....\$5.25
\$6.50 Beds.....\$4.50
\$6.00 Beds.....\$3.98
\$3.00 Beds.....\$1.98

Springs.

"National," "Rome Link" and all best makes.....\$5.00
\$8.00 Springs.....\$6.00
\$6.75 Springs.....\$4.50
\$6.00 Springs.....\$4.00
\$4.50 Springs.....\$2.25
\$3.50 Springs.....\$2.25

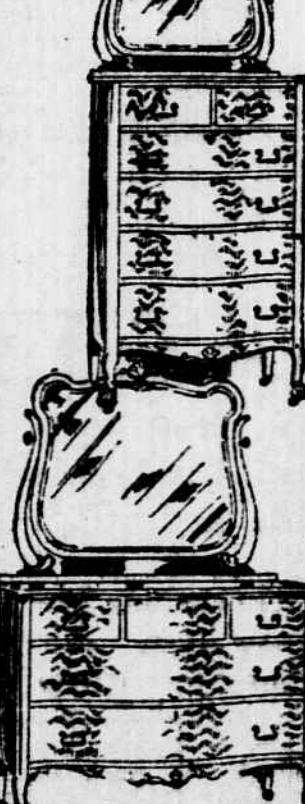
Brass Beds.

\$70.00 Beds.....\$35.00
\$47.00 Beds.....\$23.50
\$50.00 Beds.....\$29.00
\$55.00 Beds.....\$27.50
\$41.00 Beds.....\$23.50
\$36.00 Beds.....\$18.00
\$35.50 Beds.....\$17.75
\$30.00 Beds.....\$15.00
\$25.00 Beds.....\$12.50
\$17.00 Beds.....\$8.50

\$8.75

Mattresses, \$5.95 to \$14.00.

Standard at 75c to \$20.



Chiffoniers.

\$40.00. Worth \$50.00
\$35.00. Worth \$45.00
\$32.50. Worth \$40.00
\$25.00. Worth \$35.00
\$20.00. Worth \$30.00
\$18.00. Worth \$25.00
\$9.75. Worth \$15.00
\$8.75. Worth \$12.75

Dressing Tables.

\$8.00. Worth \$10.00
\$12.00. Worth \$18.00
\$15.00. Worth \$20.00
\$16.00. Worth \$22.00
\$18.00. Worth \$24.00
\$25.00. Worth \$33.00
\$29.00. Worth \$35.00
\$40.00. Worth \$50.00

Dressers.

Golden Oak.....\$45.00. Worth \$60.00
.....\$40.00. Worth \$55.00
.....\$30.00. Worth \$45.00
.....\$28.00. Worth \$40.00
.....\$26.00. Worth \$35.00
.....\$20.00. Worth \$25.00
.....\$14.00. Worth \$18.00
Mahogany.....\$45.00. Worth \$60.00
.....\$40.00. Worth \$55.00
.....\$30.00. Worth \$45.00
.....\$28.00. Worth \$40.00
.....\$26.00. Worth \$35.00
.....\$20.00. Worth \$25.00
.....\$14.00. Worth \$18.00

SEEKING AID OF MEN IN "LOW STEP" FIGHT

Women Now Want Indorsement of Federation of Citizens' Associations.

That the women's committee which is trying to get lower steps on the Washington street cars will enlist the support of the individual citizens' associations and the Federation of Citizens' Association in their campaign is probable from the outlook today.

Mrs. Guion Miller, president of the Twentieth Century Club, told a reporter for The Star today that the efforts the men of the city are making in the interests of the campaign are so encouraging that she will point out to the committee the advisability of enlisting the united support of the citizens' associations.

The committee will file a petition today with Clarence P. King, president of the Washington Railway and Electric Company, asking that the sixty-seven street cars destroyed by the Sunday morning fire in the barn at 13th and D streets northeast be replaced by a type of car with a low and convenient step. It is pointed out by the women that as long as the company will have to replace the cars it would gratify the wishes of more than 30,000 men and women patrons of the cars by buying new cars with the low step of step. They believe if the Washington Railway and Electric Company will have to replace the Capital Traction Company will follow its example.

The petition will be drawn up by an attorney and presented to Mr. King some time today.

Enlist College Women's Club.

Mrs. Miller presented a petition last night at the executive meeting of the College Women's Club of Washington, representing 400 college women of the city, which was heartily indorsed.

She spoke encouragingly of progress made and the men are rapidly coming to the front. Word has been received by the committee from Boston to the effect that the women of that city, aroused by car conditions, have inaugurated a similar low-step campaign and are putting up a splendid fight.

Representatives of forty-three women's clubs in Boston, as well as representatives from many of the men's organizations, appeared last Saturday before the railway commission and presented the same arguments made by the Washington women in their recent hearing before the District electric railway commission. The movement is spreading to other New England cities, and the Washington women have been spurred to greater efforts by encouraging reports.

It is expected they will bring the matter directly before the attention of the citizens' association in the District, realizing the importance of united effort. What they are waiting for is the commission to make its formal report on the question of the low step to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

headed by Miss Janet Richards, chairman, and Miss Elizabeth Brown, vice chairman, will continue to agitate the question.

Justice Hagner's Carriage Struck.

Justice Alexander B. Hagner, Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, retired, had a narrow escape from serious injury this afternoon about 1:30 o'clock, when a street car struck his carriage while in front of 520 F street northwest.

ENDS ALL SKIN DISTRESS



Eczema Sufferers Find Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in POSLAM

If suffering from ECZEMA, your search for the most effective means of treatment will be ended when POSLAM is procured and applied. It will repeat for you the marvelous work it has accomplished for thousands of others. Many distressed for years have experienced complete cures through POSLAM in a few days.

With first application all itching stops; physical distress ceases. Its penetrating healing properties are exerted actively; daily the trouble grows less aggravated until permanently cured. It eradicates Acne, Tetter, Itch, Pimples and every surface affection with astonishing rapidness.

Price 50 cents. For sale by O'Donnell's and All Druggists

POSLAM SOAP
is "the best Soap for your Skin"
Prevents infection and disease. Delightful for every toilet purpose.
LARGE CANS, 25 CENTS

TRY POSLAM FREE
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Coupon No. 258

For FREE SAMPLE OF POSLAM, sign this coupon and send it to the EMERGENCY LABORATORY, 32 West 24th Street, New York City.

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT CHARGED WITH LARCENY

Books From the McKinley Building.

Stanley B. Harman, fifteen years old, of 111 Bates street northwest, a student at McKinley Manual Training School, was arrested today on a charge of petty larceny in connection with the disappearance of books from that school.

Harman was arrested this morning by Detectives Burlingame and Weedon at the school building, and will be given a hearing in the Juvenile Court tomorrow. For some time students at the school reported to Principal Daniel that one or two of their books were missing. An investigation was begun by the principal, and it was learned, it was stated, that in a number of instances during the bad weather, when the cadets went to the drill hall on Monday or Tuesday afternoon, they left their books in another part of the building. It was while they were drilling that the books were taken.

The reports became so numerous that Principal Daniel reported the matter to Inspector Boardman, chief of detectives, who assigned the two detectives to the case.

The officers say that many of the books have been recovered and that there are still more at second-hand book stores.

Rigger Falls Three Stories.

J. C. Rogers, a rigger working a derrick on the Powhatan Hotel, 18th street and Pennsylvania avenue northwest, fell from the seventh to the fourth story this afternoon. He was taken to the Emergency Hospital in a serious condition.

PALAIS ROYAL

A. LISNER. Washington, D. C. G STREET.

Spring

Styles of 1912.

One of the many models is illustrated—there's an ultra-fashionable type here for every phase of woman and for girls to 20 years of age.

\$18.50.

Various Sizes for Adults.

\$16.50.

Girls' 14, 16, 18 and 20.

These prices have no reference to the actual values of these "Cloth Suits." The makers are asking an early verdict of the fashionable world—and at considerable cost to them. To the Greater Palais Royal and its patrons it spells Bargains—and links the word with the new spring models from New York's foremost makers of women's men-tailor garments.

Summer

Styles of 1912.

Choice for \$5.98.

See the One-piece Linene Dresses, collar, revers and front of skirt embroidered in self color; white, tan, light blue, violet and pink the colors. Also one-piece Yoke Dresses, with trimming of cluny lace. One voile model has skirt with two flounces, with scalloped edge embroidered in silk; waist showing the fichu effect. Another model of fine balise has collar and trimming of Irish crochet lace. Choice of these and other charming new models for \$5.98.



Half Price Tomorrow.

Valentines at half price. Plenty of time—if you come tomorrow morning. Envelopes, pen and ink, stamps—and a post office here. Note that half price for valentines here does not commence until tomorrow morning, at 8:30 o'clock. Appreciate the reduced price—and learn why none are carried over to another season and why the stock here is always new and bright.

Magazines—Ready the 15th.

In Greater Palais Royal Mezzanine Balcony.

Smart Set, 19c.
Youngs, 11c.
Top Notch, 7c.

Short Stories, 11c.
Ainslee, 11c.
St. Nicholas, 20c.

Another list published shortly—of magazines published "the 25th." Look for more price surprises.

\$1.98 *Queen Quality* \$2.25

\$3.50, \$4, \$4.50 and \$5 Values.

"Queen Quality" Patent Leather and Gun Metal Calf Shoes, button and lace; all sizes in one style or another, at \$2.25 per pair. The samples of "Queen Quality" Shoes, size 4B only, at \$1.98 pair. It's the one time in the year to secure supplies of these famous "Queen Quality" Shoes at these nominal prices. Regular patrons know—and are anticipating future needs. Will they please inform friends of the double opportunity—to secure ideal shoes and pay a fractional price for them?

\$1 Lingerie, 69c

Broken Lots.

Combination Garments, Princess Slips, Separate Skirts, Gowns, etc. Many little lots combined into one, creating all sizes. See table full, first floor, near elevator.

\$1 Brassieres, 69c.

De Bevoise Brassieres, linking an elegant corset cover, with improved boning and dainty trimmings of laces and embroideries.



The New Midseason Hats, \$5 to \$7.50.

The new Small Hats, mostly of rough straw braids, with velvet facings. A few of hemp and satin, trimmed with bows of ribbon or velvet. Black, white, navy, various browns